

AS EVERY LADDIE DOES.

Oh, when I was a tiny lad I wandered in a wood,
To look for fairies or for flowers, as every laddie should.

I only got my fingers stung by things that creep and buzz;
I learned to look for them instead, as every laddie does.

I sought the pretty fairy folk in all the yellow flowers,
Where nothing but the busy bees improved the shining hours.

I found a little caterpillar hanging by a thread;
I put him in a buttercup and took him home instead.

I caught some minnows in a pool, and thought myself a man,
Because I found that I could fish, as every laddie can.

I got my father's pocket knife—its blade was red with rust—
And cut my name on many a tree, as every laddie must.

I made a sturdy walking stick, to climb the highest hill,
And whittled till the knife was blunt, as every laddie will.

I owned a treasury of things that I had found or caught,
And changed them oft for better ones, as every laddie ought.

I had a little pug dog, and pets of many kinds,
But some they died, and some got lost, as every laddie finds.

I covered a pony and a gun to shoot the crows—
A pony is a beautiful beast, as every laddie knows.

What most I loved were fireworks and all that lights and burns,
But these sometimes are treacherous, as every laddie learns.

My coats grew shorter in the sleeves, my slippers crushed my toes,
But such things always smaller seem as every laddie grows.
—St. Nicholas.

JEANNE'S BRAVERY.

FELIX LABARDIE had been a France-tireur in the great war of 1870, and I liked nothing better in the evening than to sit and listen to his stories of the terrible time when France lay gasping and bleeding.

One evening we had been silently smoking for some time when he said, "Did I ever tell you, monsieur, how I fell into the hands of the Germans and out again?"

"No," I said. "I thought the Germans shot all the guerrillas they caught."

"They let me go free, monsieur," he said, with a grim laugh. "It may seem incredible, monsieur, but Jeanne, your daughter held the life of royalty on her finger tips."

"I should like very much to hear the story," I said.

"Certainly, monsieur, and if monsieur thinks what was done was wrong he must excuse a woman in love."

"After Sedan, monsieur, a meeting was called in our village, and thirty of us enrolled ourselves as a company of France-tireurs. We felt we could do more for France as irregulars than serving under incompetent generals. We were well armed, and a brave and skillful old veteran commanded us. As the Germans were in force around Metz we marched in that direction and made our headquarters in the hills behind a village called Pency, about three leagues from the fortress. It was in Pency Jeanne lived, and from the first moment I saw her, monsieur, I said to myself, 'If fortune is kind, Felix, that girl shall be my wife.' Her father was the miller of Pency, and the accursed Uhlans had almost ruined him. They were very bitter against the invaders, and my profession made me find favor in her eyes. Before we had been at Pency a month we had plighted our troth, on the understanding that we should not marry until France was rid of the enemy."

"Small as our band was, we made ourselves a terror to the marauding Uhlans, thanks to the generalship of old Montbon. Jeanne was invaluable to us. She was all eyes and ears, and Montbon called her the 'head of the intelligence department' of our band. I used to meet her every evening, when it was possible, in a little cave I had discovered, which, having no outlets, was proof against surprise."

"We stayed three months at Pency, and then the place became too hot for us, and we prepared to leave for a village some leagues to the south. I fell into the hands of the Bavarians the very evening before we were to leave Pency."

"Jeanne declares to this day, and I believe rightly, that I was betrayed by a villager, a young fellow named Odeau, who believed the Virgin had intended Jeanne for his wife, and who was even savage when she refused him. But be that as it may, monsieur, I was seized at dusk that evening as I was on my way to meet Jeanne, and was taken so completely by surprise that I had not the least chance of defending myself or trying to escape, and, worse than all, was taken with the rifle in my hand."

"You are an assassin," said the stout little officer in command in barbarous French. "You shall be shot. Where are your companions?"

"But I professed not to understand. I was afraid of being shot on the spot. There was much of the executioner and little of the judge in those days, monsieur."

"Much to my relief, my arms were bound behind me, and we set out for the hamlet where the Crown Prince Frederick had his headquarters."

"As fortune would have it, Jeanne met us on the road. Monsieur would suppose that Jeanne is a quiet little

woman, but monsieur has not seen her thoroughly aroused. She was roused then, monsieur. She flung herself on me and tried to release me. Then she seized the bayonet of a Bavarian, and if I had not begged her for my sake to be calm she would have fought the whole party single-handed. Then she fell to beseeching them, for she could speak German well, but they only laughed at her and drove her off with foul words. My heart was like lead then, monsieur. But I did not know Jeanne.

"I was taken before the prince's adjutant, who promised me liberty if I would betray my compatriots. But I feigned stupidity, and when he found that I would tell nothing he ordered me to be shot at five the next morning. 'We give you till then,' he said, 'to find your tongue. You'll be dumb enough after.' And he laughed.

"I was bound like a log, monsieur, and thrown into a hut and brutally kicked. My thoughts were not pleasant all this time. I lay thinking of Jeanne, whom I should never see again, picturing that woman-like, she would go home and weep in her helplessness and despair. But I did not know her then. She was working for me with all the energy and wit of a woman. Jeanne, Jeanne, ma petite, come here."

Jeanne came to the door.

"Come and tell monsieur how you saved me, ma petite."

A blush overspread Jeanne's features.

"What, that foolish story again?"

"Certainly not foolish," I interposed. "I should deem it a kindness if you would oblige me."

"If monsieur wishes it, and monsieur will allow me, I will get my knitting."

"Certainly," I said.

"When I saw him carried off," Jeanne began as soon as she was seated, "I was in despair, for I knew what his fate would be. And then the good Virgin put an idea into my head, and I prayed to her to give me strength and cunning to carry it out. There had been a sharp fight a week before, and I knew Jacques Pellet had possessed himself of some German uniforms that he had taken from the dead. So I demanded them from him and threatened him till he produced them. A sous lieutenant's uniform fitted me nicely, and after cutting off my hair and concealing a pistol and dagger in my tunic I hurried away. I crept along cautiously when I neared the enemy's lines, for my plan was to get through the sentries without being challenged. When I heard the pickets I dropped on the ground and crawled like a snake. And yet I was nearly caught. A German officer was leaning against a tree, and I almost touched him. I lay still without breathing audibly for a long time—how long I cannot say—until he moved away. Then, once inside the lines, I rose up and hastened to the prince's headquarters. I prayed for courage and then walked up to the door. I trembled so that I could hardly speak. Fortunately the officer did not observe my agitation."

"Take me to his highness instantly," I said in my best German. "Important dispatches."

"Who from?" he began.

"To his highness instantly," I said boldly, but my knees shook under me.

"He looked at me closely in the dim light, and I felt ready to faint. Then without a word he took me to the prince's room. 'Important dispatches,' he said, knocking and showing me in."

"From whom?" asked the prince.

"In private, may it please your highness," I stammered, but feeling that I would not leave without Felix's life or another for it.

"Retire and leave us, Haupe," said the prince, and the officer, closing the door behind him, obeyed.

"And now," said the prince kindly. "You look pale and ill, sir. What is your name?"

"The key was in the door, and I turned it swiftly. 'And now,' I said, pulling out my pistol and pointing it full at his face—my hand did not even tremble at that supreme moment—'your highness,' I said rapidly, 'if you call out, you are a dead man.'

"Ah, he was a German, but he was so brave, so brave! He did not even wince, but he looked straight into my eyes and smiled.

"Ah," he said lightly, 'a stratagem! Who are you, and what do you want?'"

"Monsieur le prince," I said, "I am the daughter of the miller of Pency. My lover, Felix Labardie, was taken by your men to-night as a France-tireur. If he is not already dead, he is condemned. I want his life or—your loss yours, monsieur."

"A woman!" he said. "Well done," and he smiled, and the pistol almost dropped from my hand with the pity of it till I thought of Felix. "I know nothing of this, my good woman. No, but stay. Here are some papers Elberfeld has left for me to sign. Ah, here it is, Felix Labardie, peasant, taken with arms. To be shot at 5 a. m."

"He shall not die, your highness, or—I could not threaten him with words, but my pistol was steady."

"But he is an assassin."

"No," I cried, "he is a soldier, though he does not wear the uniform. Imagine, your highness," I said, "if I should have dared so much for a murderer."

"But he has fought as a France-tireur, not as a soldier."

"What of that? And if he had not fought for France in her hour I would spurn him from me. He must go free, your highness, if you value your life."

"My life is in the hands of God, mademoiselle," he said, lifting his eyes to mine. "Threats do not move me, but you are a brave woman."

"And then my courage left me, monsieur, and I dropped the pistol and flung myself sobbing at his feet and beseeched and entreated him. And he raised me, monsieur, and made me drink wine and tell him all the story. Ah, but he was brave and a true gentleman! And when I told him all he said, 'He shall be pardoned,' add-

ing with a smile. 'Such a devoted woman must not go husbandless. And then I fell to weeping again, monsieur, and kissed his hand and tried to thank him. And he took me to Felix, and he was released. I flung myself on Felix and cut his bonds myself, and we thanked the prince together. We women don't find out if men are worth it till afterward, monsieur,' with a sly look at her husband. "Three days later an orderly came with a bracelet from his highness, and on it was engraved, 'To a brave and devoted Frenchwoman.' See, I wear it still."

"Ah, monsieur, we wept when that noble prince died, and the great doctor could not save him. We sent a wreath, and I presumed to write to the empress. She is a worthy daughter of your queen, monsieur. She sent me a letter written with her own hand. She was worthy of that true and brave gentleman, her husband."—Waverley.

HOW BOOKS ARE BOUND.

A Simple Description of This Useful and Interesting Process.

Bookbinding has been practiced for centuries. Many years previous to the invention of printing the leaves of missals and other manuscripts were preserved by being fastened together and inclosed in covers of wood, sheepskin, etc. Often the covers were richly ornamented with gold, silver and jewels. Some of these volumes are still to be seen in the museums and monasteries of the old world.

There are two main divisions in modern bookbinding—"forwarding" and "finishing"—and in each of these departments there are various subdivisions. Forwarding comprises what is really necessary for the preservation of books; finishing is simply embellishing them.

The first operation in bookbinding is to fold the sheets by means of a thin piece of ivory called a folder; machinery has been used with much success in folding. The object is to bring the pages together in regular order.

After being folded, the sheets are gathered and collated to the numbers, 1, 2, 3, etc., that are placed at the foot of the outside page of the folded sections. These numbers are called signatures. The book is then made solid by being placed in a hydraulic press, or under some other pressure, such as the nature and the size of the book may require.

The next process is to saw indentations in the back of the book, preparatory to sewing. This is accomplished by passing the back of the book or sheets over rapidly revolving circular saws. The book is then sewed on a frame called a sewing bench, each sheet being attached by a thread to cords across the back.

When removed from the sewing bench the book receives its "waste papers," or blank leaves. Then it is trimmed by being cut on the edges with a knife apparatus. The edges are either left white or are colored by being sprinkled with color thrown on with a brush. "Marbled" edges are made by dipping the edges of the leaves in colors that float on the surface of gum water.

The "comb edge" is made by drawing a comb through the colors on the surface of the gum water before the book is dipped. If the book is to have a gilt edge, it is placed in a press and a coating of red color applied; the edges are then sized with white of egg, gold leaf is laid over the sizing, and after it has dried thoroughly the gold leaf is burnished with agate or blood-stone.

A coating of glue is then applied to the back of the book, after which it is backed by means of a machine that gives roundness to the back and prepares it for the cover. The cover is made by boards, cut larger than the leaves of the book, over which the outside material, such as cloth, leather, etc., is fastened with glue, space enough being left between the two boards to fit the back of the book.

After the cover is dried, the embellishment is done by stamping the desired letters or design in gold, black or colors. The cover being thus finished, the back of the book is fitted into it and glued, the blank pages are pasted to the inside of the cover and the book is placed in a press to remain until dry, from which it comes ready for the public.—Philadelphia Times.

About Tobacco.

Wise people do not condemn tobacco when used in moderation. Prof. Huxley said: "Smoking is a comfortable and laudable practice, is productive of good, and there is no more harm in a pipe of tobacco than in a cup of tea." The late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, at the end of one of his sermons, said: "I intend to smoke a cigar to the glory of God before I go to bed to-night, for I have found intense pain relieved, a weary brain soothed and calm, refreshing sleep obtained by a cigar." Bishop Burnett remarked: "I always smoke while I write;" and Bishop Fletcher said, "I smother my cares in tobacco." Lord Clarendon avowed: "No man in Europe loves a good smoke better than I." Lord Brougham declared: "I certainly derive the greatest benefit from a pipe of tobacco." Thackeray commended tobacco as "one of the greatest comforts of my life—a kind companion, a gentle stimulant, an amiable anodyne, a cement of friendship."—London Lancet.

Bulk and Weight of Snow.

A cubic foot of newly fallen snow weighs five and a half pounds, and has twelve times the bulk of equal weight of water.

A wife certainly has no cause for complaint if her husband doesn't love her any more—providing he doesn't love her any less.

No one has ever been able to explain why bald-headed men have their hair cut oftener than other men.



Proposed Minnesota Law.
Under the present laws it is almost an impossibility in Minnesota to build macadam roads on account of the expense it would impose upon the property owners along the improved roads. Not only do the existing laws stand in the way of constructing permanent good roads, but also render it impossible in the less populous counties to keep such roads as there are in repair. To keep a road in good condition requires constant care and intelligent supervision. Under the present system of allowing the farmers to pay their road tax in labor a great amount of time and effort are expended once a year in making repairs which are often unnecessary or made in the wrong place, and at all events undone by the first storm, and the road is permitted to go from bad to worse until the next season for working out road taxes comes around.

The system of paying taxes by labor is ineffective, and consequently extravagant. Data of the good roads advocates show that it costs less to keep roads in perfect repair when the taxes are paid in money and competent supervisors are hired than it does to keep them in a semi-passable condition under the labor law. Slight repairs made when needed cost little and avoid the necessity of an extensive outlay of time and money later.

The proposed amendment modeled after the New Jersey law, which has proved to be highly satisfactory, makes provision for a State road and bridge fund, and for a State highway commission, which shall have general supervision of the expenditure of the money in the road and bridge fund. The commissioners serve without compensation. The State contributes, not to exceed one-third, to the building of any road, and the work is done under the direction of the local authorities. The State does not undertake to build any roads, but to assist the different localities. The State board shall approve the plans of a proposed road before any aid is given to its construction. A tax of one-twentieth of a mill may be levied for the fund. No county shall receive less than one-half of 1 per cent, nor more than 3 per cent, of the amount expended by the State in any one year.

The proposed law will do away with the present wasteful and unsatisfactory method of maintaining the country highways and substitute a rational and economical system of paying for the work necessary and having it performed under competent supervision. It will take from the farmers the burden of building the improved roads and distribute the expense so that the cities will pay their share. The theory of the law is the same as that upon which a State tax is levied for public schools. The State does not undertake to establish schools, but it assists the districts. Next to schools there is no improvement of more vital importance to the development of the country districts than good roads.

Level Roads Wear Best.

Sir John Macenell says "that if a road has no greater inclination than 1 in 40 there is 20 per cent, less cost for maintenance than for a road having an inclination of 1 in 20. The additional cost is due not only to the greater injury by the action of horses' feet on the steeper incline, but also to the greater wear of the road by the more frequent necessity for sledging or braking the wheels of vehicles in descending the steeper portions."

DARING CONVICT.

The Only One Who Ever Escaped from Portland Prison.

A daring and adventurous criminal appeared in the dock at Southwark in the person of William Bartlett, alias Gordon and Beaumont, a ticket-of-leave man, who was charged with failing to notify himself to the police.

The prisoner, who is 57 years old, and has a record of sentences totaling thirty-four years of imprisonment, is said to be the only man who ever escaped from Portland convict prison.

This happened in 1870, while he was serving a second term of ten years' penal servitude for burglary. He was confined in a cell situated in the very center of the prison, and by the aid of a chisel made from a nail handle succeeded in removing some stones from his cell wall and crawling into a ventilating shaft, which ran through the building between the floor of his and the neighboring cell and the ceilings of the cells below. When he got to the outer wall of the building he removed more stones with his peculiar instrument, and then, by means of a rope, which he had made from his sheets, he dropped to the quadrangle below. He succeeded in eluding the civil guard, and mounted the first wall safely, afterward crawling along the intervening space to the second wall, which he also climbed. He escaped the notice of the military sentry, and crawling along got safely among the quarries. Here he remained for six days, existing on the bread which he had saved from his prison fare, awaiting a suitable night to swim unobserved to the mainland. He achieved this, and, arriving at Dorchester, broke into a clergyman's house. Having feasted himself and donned clerical clothes, he walked boldly from the house. A few days later a police constable saw a clergyman feeding on blackberries, and noticing that he was eating ravenously became suspicious. The clergyman did not appear in the least nonplussed at the constable's

attention, and he would have got out of the difficulty safely had not the officer noticed he was wearing prison socks. The prisoner, in the name of Beaumont, was sentenced to eight years' penal servitude on April 3, 1871, for prison breaking and the burglary of the clergyman's house.—London Mail.

HE HAUNTS DEBTORS.

An Odd Specimen Who is a Successful Collector of Bad Debts.

"There's the best collector in Augusta," and the head of an Augusta firm indicated the man on whom this praise had been bestowed.

"He doesn't look it."

"No, nor anything like it, yet I believe that his appearance is about 90 per cent, of his stock in trade. Just size him up. Did you ever see a more ingenious face? He got his job just as he gets money from debtors that are bad pay. He came right to me and asked for employment. I told him that we were not in need of anyone, and followed the usual form in telling him to call again.

"He took the invitation literally, walked around the square and dropped in to make another application. 'You told me to call again,' he said. 'Want a good man? I did the usual thing once more, carelessly asking him to call again.'

"Another trip around the square, and he put in his third appearance, once more informing me that he was a good man in search of a job. I tried him again and he proved to be a four-time winner.

"Then it struck me that he would make a collector if he carried his persistency into his work, and he has proved a wonder. He has realized on old accounts that we had given up as hopeless long ago, simply wearing debtors down to where they would rather pay than be bothered any further.

"One sharp rascal, who makes no pretense of paying his debts, told our phenomenon that he would have to get up very early in the morning to get anything out of him. Our man was at that fellow's house at 2:30 a. m., routed him out and actually got the money. He never tires and never lets go.

"Another maddened debtor told him to sing for his money, and 'old reliable' simply took a stool in the office and saved away on 'Old Grimes Is Dead' until he got the cash."—Augusta (Me.) Journal.

Wreckers.

"Caesar's Creek," on the Florida coast, was named after a famous old pirate, called Black Caesar, whose profession added to the risks of marine insurance. After the pirates the "Florida wreckers" came, of whom H. A. Willoughby, in his "Across the Everglades," tells this story:

A large steamer was stranded on the reef not far from Cape Florida; no sooner had she struck than the news spread rapidly along the shore. The people for twenty miles around gathered on the beach opposite the stranded steamer. Among them were a number of Indians from the Everglades, who chanced to be down there, and knew what a "wreck" meant to the wreckers.

The steamer, loaded with an assorted cargo, began to break up, and barrels, cases and boxes drifted gradually ashore. There were casks of wine, boxes of soap, cases of bottles of wine and iron, and a hundred other articles. The Indians seized upon the wine, and soon were in a condition that allowed the white men to secure the more valuable prizes.

The squaws struck a bonanza in a case of vaseline. They thought it a new variety of the white man's frying fat, and starting a fire fried pancakes in it. What a dish—pancakes a la Senoile!

Martyrdom.

At the age of 17 Miss Willard records in her diary this tragic announcement of the end of her romping girlhood:

This is my birthday, and the date of my martyrdom. Mother insists that at last I must have my hair "done up woman-fashion." She says she can hardly forgive herself for letting me "run wild" so long. We've had a great time over it all, and here I sit like another Samson shorn of his strength. That figure won't do, though, for the greatest trouble with me is that I never shall be shorn again. My "back" hair is twisted up like a corkscrew; I carry eighteen hairpins; my head aches miserably; my feet are entangled in the skirt of my hateful new gown.

I can never jump over a fence again, so long as I live. As for chasing the sheep down in the shady pasture, it is out of the question, and to climb to my eagle-nest seat in the big bur-oak would ruin this new frock beyond repair. Altogether, I recognize the fact that my occupation's gone.

Grateful Greeks.

The Queen of Greece lately sent an American woman an autograph letter expressing her thanks for a generous contribution sent a few months ago to the American-Greek mission at Athens. The woman is Mrs. De Grace, New York City. Her contribution was for the benefit of the sick and wounded Greek soldiers and their families. It is said that in many Greek schools, whenever the national anthem is sung, it is followed by the American national hymn, in grateful recognition of the sympathy and substantial aid received from many citizens of this country.

After a Man Has Taken a Girl to a Theater as Often as Six Times, and Called Upon her with Chocolates in his Pocket, she Begins to see a Resemblance in him to her Favorite Hero in a Novel.

Perhaps home is all the dearer to some men because they are seldom there.

A spinster sees the opportunity in more often a failure than marriage

ONLY FOUR OF ITS KIND.

Another Notornis Mantelli Has Been Caught in New Zealand.

A strange wild bird of the coast, flocks of New Zealand is the notornis mantelli, another specimen of which has been caught, and so precious are they and so greatly in demand by naturalists that many lives have been lost in the effort to run them down in their remote fastnesses in the wilderness.

The steamer Warimou, arrived recently at Vancouver, reports the capture of a notornis by a dog belonging to a tourist. It is a handsome bird, with a heavy gait, and is absolutely unable to use its wings for natural purposes of flying.

Its feathers, back, wing and tail are an olive green, with almost metallic luster, and below a short tail, very peculiarly, it is pure white. Its legs and toes are a rich salmon red.

Another remarkable feature is its beak, a great equilateral triangle of hard pink horn, with one angle directly forward. On the upper side back of the beak is a band of soft tissue, like rudimentary comb, such as appears more developed in ordinary domestic fowl. Altogether it is a most peculiar specimen.

The present specimen is not likely to be bought for less than \$2,000, and will probably go to the British Museum.

The notornis is a very powerful creature and very fleet of foot. It covers ground very rapidly and does not seem to mind its inability to fly. It runs away from those who hunt it, uttering loud screams when discovered close at hand. It can run faster than a man. It is also a good swimmer.

Perkins' Experience with Filipinos.

Senator Perkins, of California, once had an experience with Filipinos which might have ended disastrously. Years ago the Senator was a sailor. The ship lay becalmed off one of the Philippines, when three junks manned by crews of bloodthirsty Malay pirates pulled off from the shore some five or six miles away.

Now, sailors know of no more unwelcome visitor than a Malay pirate. He disregards all the polite rules of society, and is a most uncongential comrade. Perkins and his mates were anxiously awaiting the expected attack of these pirates, whose coming always meant bloodshed and robbery, when, fortunately, a breeze sprang up, the topsails filled, and the ship got beyond the reach of the junks.—Saturday Evening Post.

A Delusion that Was Dangerous.

Professor Hugh Scott says that Professor Henry Drummond, when a boy, discovered that he could hypnotize people. At a birthday party a little girl declined to play the piano. Drummond happened to catch her eye, and said "Play." To his surprise she rose at once, went to the piano, and played. At another time he hypnotized a boy, and gave him a poker for a gun. "Now," said Drummond, "I'm a pheasant; shoot me." The boy did so, and Drummond fell to keep up the illusion, whereupon the boy, seeing the "bird" move, was about to hit it over the head with the poker. The hypnotizer had just time to stop the magnetized sportsman.

Automatic Opera.

A Russian prince who is fond of Verdi's music has spent \$6,000 to enable himself to hear "Rigoletto" whenever he pleases in his palace at St. Petersburg. The opera is acted by life-sized puppets, whose acting is regulated by machinery, and the singing is done by phonograph. The owner has secured reproductions of the principal parts as sung by the principal artists of Europe, and changes his cast to suit himself. After putting the cylinders in place the owner presses a button, and the opera proceeds automatically.—New York Sun.

Clara Morris (Mrs. Frederick Harriot) is an accomplished cakemaker, but tells her admiring friends: "Now don't count the eggs and butter and cream, for I must have everything galore, galore!"

"Durability is Better Than Show."

The wealth of the multi-millionaires is not equal to good health. Riches without health are a curse, and yet the rich, the middle classes and the poor alike have, in Hood's Sarsaparilla, a valuable assistant in getting and maintaining perfect health. It never disappoints.

Scrofula—"Three years ago our son, now eleven, had a serious case of scrofula and erysipelas with dreadful sores, discharging and itching constantly. He could not walk. Several physicians did not help for sixteen months. Three months' treatment with Hood's Sarsaparilla made him perfectly well. We are glad to tell others of it." Mrs. DAVID LAMB, Ottawa, Kansas.

Nausea—"Vomiting spells, dizziness and prostration troubled me for years. Had neuralgia, grew weak and could not sleep. My age was against me, but Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me thoroughly. My weight increased from 125 to 143 pounds. I am the mother of nine children. Never felt so well and strong since I was married as I do now." Mrs. M. A. WARREN, 1529 33d St., Washington, D. C.

Eczema—"We had to tie the hands of our two-year old son on account of eczema on face and limbs. No medicine even helped until we used Hood's Sarsaparilla, which soon cured." Mrs. A. VAN WYCK, 123 Montgomery Street, Paterson, N. J.

